

WHAT DID YOU SEE TO-DAY?

"A FORD A DAY."

Special Additional Daily Prize for Contributions to This Page for Four Weeks.
OPEN TO ALL READERS
Name of Winner in To-Night's Pictorial Edition.

MANHATTAN

A POET'S GRAVE.

Beyond the Hunt's Point car line, wedged in by waste land and dumps, is the little green, grassy mound of the Hunt, Wille and Leggett families. Inside on iron inclosure stands a weather-beaten, chipped marble shaft. On a bronze tablet is the inscription: "Joseph Rodman Drake—1795-1820—Queen of the Hunt about thee, friend of my better days; none knew thee but to love thee, none named thee but to praise."—Fitz-Greene Hall. It was cut on both sides of the stone, the newer inscription having been made by the Brooklyn Literary Union in 1891.—Second Avenue, No. 15, 15th Street.

SKYSCRAPER HOME.

I think I have the largest apartment house in the city right in my back yard. A brick wall covers the completely covered with vines. Every day at sundown hundreds of birds flock to their homes in these vines. Such a cheering! And evidently there are some strenuous arguments for sometimes in the mornings I find a dead bird on the ground. At sunrise they prepare for the day, chattering just as much as at sundown, but soon they leave for business and all in quiet.—Mrs. John D. Smith, No. 145 St. Nicholas Avenue.

BILLY SCANTON'S SONG.

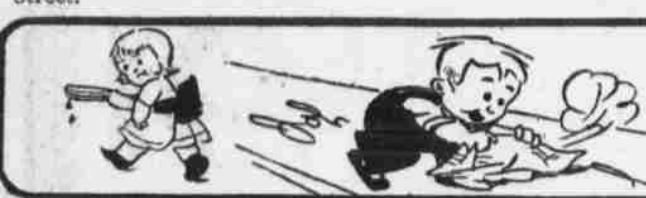
From our fourth floor apartment in Washington Place we watched with interest and delight the tearing down of a group of rotting buildings which had long disfigured this part of Greenwich Village. The workers were pushing down a side wall and we were conjecturing what would be revealed by the demolition. When they crashed to the ground we read, painted in large green letters on top of one of the doors: "Poisoned by the gas."—W. H. W. Hall, No. 185 Washington Place.

DEAD.

I saw a great crowd to-day at noon just inside Madison Square Park at Broadway. I inquired of the first person I saw what was the matter. "It's a man asleep, and they can't wake him," he said. "It is a drunk," said another. "No, it's a man dead from starvation," said a third. I pushed through and found two policemen searching through the man's pockets. Presently an ambulance arrived. The surgeon pronounced the man dead. The ambulance then drove away, and the policeman with the dead man waited for a conveyance from the morgue.—Louis Bland, No. 255 West 22d Street.

BREAD AND JAM.

While sitting on our stoop this evening I saw my little boy, five years old, break a stick of white chalk in two and divide it with a little girl about the same age. They knelt on the sidewalk and began scribbling. They had been at this about ten minutes when the little girl, telling my little fellow not to go away, arose and left. She was back in a minute or two with a big slice of bread covered with jam. On seeing this, Master Kelly jumped to his feet. He edged up to her and finally asked for a bite. She didn't say aye, yes or no, simply turned her back on him and started to walk away. He sprang after her, grabbed the piece of chalk and, picking up a discarded newspaper, proceeded to erase everything she had written on the sidewalk in front of his house.—Mrs. Edw. T. Kelly, No. 121 West 61st Street.



ONE BLOCK FROM THE GAY.

In Bryant Park at 1:30 o'clock this morning I saw a man remove his shoes, wrap them in newspaper, wrap other newspapers around himself from head to foot, then lie down on a bench and, using the shoes for a pillow, sink peacefully into deep slumber. Only the soles of his feet were exposed to the chill night air. Presently I saw a cop pass the spot, swinging his club. He looked at the sleeper's feet, temptingly displayed, and appeared to be considering whether to bounce his locust off the soles. Pity urged him to let the man enjoy his snooze, and he left him on the bench.—John J. Benson, No. 1204 Boylston Avenue.

AFTER PAINTING.

From my bed in the Post Graduate Hospital I saw a man painting some rooms in a building on 51st Street at 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Four hours later I saw the same rooms ablaze with fire, and witnessed the fine work of the firemen in quenching the flames.—Abraham Yalowitz, Post Graduate Hospital, Second Avenue and 26th Street.

ONE MAN IN A THOUSAND.

My sister, who had not previously visited me for some time, was looking out of one of my windows last night while we waited for my husband to come home. Suddenly she burst out laughing and called to me. "Come and look at this!" she said. I went and looked and told her it was my husband and that he was bringing me 100 pounds of potatoes on his back—a thing to be proud of, not laugh at.—Mrs. Frances Montfort, No. 222 West 15th Street.

PAY NO MONEY! SEND NO MONEY!

There is no charge of any kind for taking part in The Evening World's "What Did You See To-Day?" competition. Send no money with your letters. Pay no money to any one under any circumstances. PERSONAL calls are made on Ford winners ONLY. If your contribution is adjudged worthy of the automobile the reporter who calls upon you will carry Evening World credentials. Ask to see them. In case of doubt, telephone to the City Editor of The Evening World.

Every effort is made to print the more meritorious contributions. Write on matters likely to be of general interest. "Locate" the incident. Tell WHERE the thing happened. And "keep on trying."

EFFECT OF THE WIND ON THE PRICE OF GAS.

As I neared a gasoline station yesterday, while motoring through Triborough, I noticed the price of gas fluctuating rapidly from 25 cents to 26 cents and back again on a big sign. Arrived in front of the place I learned the reason. The 25-cent sign was on a paper sheet first posted over a painted sign of 26 cents. Each puff of wind raised the paper sign and the price of gas. When the wind dropped, the 26-cent sign was seen.—Edgar E. DeLeon, No. 30 East 43d Street.

TAKING NO CHANCES.

I wonder if it was actually Ichabod Crane I met yesterday beside the Sleepy Hollow Bridge as I was motoring through Irvington. My mind was full of Washington Irving's delightful "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" as I drove, and suddenly I met a horse that appeared old enough to have belonged to Ichabod, upon whose sagging back rode a tall, angular Yankee, who wore a black suit and derby hat. Over the saddle hung an old-fashioned saddle bag. Was it Ichabod? Well, anyway, I stepped on the gas and the headless horseman about breezed along.—A. N. Parmelee, No. 238 West 11th Street.

A FRIEND YOU CAN BANK ON.

Firman of Engine Company No. 18 at No. 132 West 10th Street saw me try to cross a Dalmatian dog and told me the dog's name was "Spot" and that he was the special favorite of Firman Pat Foley who, a few weeks ago, was badly injured in a fire. Foley was taken to a hospital and Spot refused to eat. The dog followed a fireman to the hospital two days after Foley was taken there, and despite all efforts to prevent the dog from entering the hospital, he did. He found his friend's ward, and Spot had dumbly told his pal how sorry he was, Foley told him to go home, and he left the hospital and ate the first food he had touched for forty-eight hours.—Thomas Robinson, No. 32 Water Street.

THE CLUB IS "PUTTING ON A SHOW."

Last night on Third Avenue below 14th Street, I saw some young men, one of whom carried a pall of mourning and another an urnful of posters, before adorning (?) the pillars. This was an entertainment to be given by a social club. They watched carefully to see if any cops were near before adorning (?) the pillars. This morning I saw that in addition to "L" pillars, show windows, electric light poles and fire alarm boxes were plastered with the posters.—B. Manhattan.

LAST BELL AND LOST TOMATOES.

I learned last night who has been stealing our tomatoes. I was sitting on the stoop at 9:30 when I heard a splash and a rumble in the garden. I rushed around and saw a figure running to the fence. I ran, too, and caught a boy who was wet from the waist down. He had fallen in a sunken barrel which we keep full of water in the garden. He tried to tell me he was looking for a lost ball, but I felt differently; and now, after my warning and his flight, I think our tomatoes will not be stolen any more this season.—Bill Seidel, No. 803 East 14th Street.

TAKING THE AIR.

In Elm Place to-day I saw a large blue car walking down the street unattended and unobserved. I would have picked him up and taken him home, but I feared he had escaped from the fish store on the corner.—James Hooper, No. 311 E. 18th Street, Bronx.

MRS. TONY PAYS A VISIT.

I am a patient at St. Francis Hospital. I was taking a nap this afternoon when a pair of arms about me and kissing me. Then I heard a woman's voice saying in my ear: "Tony, how do you feel?" She said her mistake immediately and rushed into the next room where Tony lay.—Herbert Lyons, St. Francis Hospital, Bronx.

THAT HE WHO CYCLES MIGHT READ.

I saw a woman driving a sedan on Broadway at 181st Street to-day, and as it passed me I noticed that a woman companion was holding a license number plate against the windshield. Then I saw the car had a license plate in the rear. Evidently the front one had become detached and they were taking no chances on getting a "ticket."—M. Schullery, No. 287 East Mosholt Parkway, Bronx.

RICHMOND

A BOWL OF SOUP.

At Bear Mountain my father and I got two cups of coffee and he "sugared" it from a bowl on a counter. When we tasted it we found he had used salt. He complained to the man serving the coffee, who said: "We sugared the coffee before serving it." Many others who were stung the same way ordered fresh supplies of coffee.—Miss Martha Frey, No. 214 Richmond Turnpike, Tonawanda, N. Y.

SAFE.

On a seat opposite me on the Staten Island ferry I saw the cases of four musical instruments. Through the handles of the cases was run a chain. The two ends of the chain were wrapped about the leg of the benchman further secured by a huge padlock. The person who carried them off will have to take the boat.—Alvin Reiz, No. 93 Otis Avenue, Grant City, S. I.

PRETTY SOFT.

It often happens that the Standard Oil boat on which I am employed passes Blackwell's Island about 4 o'clock in the morning. The cases were run a chain. The two ends of the chain were wrapped about the leg of the benchman further secured by a huge padlock. The person who carried them off will have to take the boat.—Alvin Reiz, No. 93 Otis Avenue, Grant City, S. I.

EVENING WORLD PAGE OF BRIGHT, UNUSUAL HAPPENINGS REPORTED BY EVENING WORLD READERS

TO make this news feature even more entertaining and interesting Special Prizes are to be awarded Daily and Weekly. One Dollar is paid for every item printed; the prizes are in addition. Send them to "What Did You See To-Day?" Editor, Evening World, Post Office Box 185, City Hall Station. WRITE ABOUT HAPPENINGS IN YOUR OWN NEIGHBORHOOD.

TELL YOUR STORY, IF POSSIBLE, IN NOT MORE THAN 125 WORDS. STATE WHERE THE THING WRITTEN ABOUT TOOK PLACE. WRITE YOUR OWN NAME AND ADDRESS CAREFULLY AND IN FULL. CHECKS MAILED DAILY. For the best stories each day: SPECIAL PRIZE, A FORD CAR A DAY FOR FOUR WEEKS; FIRST CASH PRIZE, \$25; SECOND CASH PRIZE, \$10; THIRD CASH PRIZE, \$5. TEN PRIZES OF \$2 each for next best stories.

If you witness a serious accident, the outbreak of what threatens to be a BIG fire, or know of any other BIG news story, telephone Beckman 4000 and ask for the CITY EDITOR of The Evening World. Liberal awards for first big news. BE SURE OF YOUR FACTS.

BRONX

THE RAGMAN.

While watching at my front window on Union Avenue for my little girl to come home from school I saw that a funeral was in progress in the next block. There was a hearse there and several carriages, and it seemed as if the body was about to be brought out. While I watched a ragman drove along, who wanted to go through that block. As he approached, his bells jingled, calling the attention to housewives to his presence. He saw the funeral arrangements just ahead and coming to a stop in front of my house got down and stuffed every bell with bits of rag. Then he drove along past the house of death.—Mrs. Catherine W. Kritzer, No. 1081 Union Avenue, Bronx.



FROM THE OLD WORLD.

A man came to my door to-day and told me with great excitement that he was my late husband's nephew, just arrived from Germany. He showed me his hands again and again, saying how glad he was to see me and how sorry he was to learn his Uncle John was dead. He said his name was Wilhelm, which is the name of a nephew of my husband's in Germany, gave me information about the family which sounded real, and, tearfully, told me he needed to get his luggage off the ship. He was about to give him the money, but, in spite of his tears, which splashed over my hands as he kissed them, I was suspicious. I asked him to return later. He did not come and then I learned from neighbors that he had made inquiries about me in the building and had learned everything, even the name he had given as his own, from them. Mrs. J. Bechman, No. 433 E. 145th Street, Bronx.

APPROPRIATE.

In answer to a ring at my doorstep to-day, I was confronted by two boys who looked as if they had been playing in a coal-bin. They asked whether they could come in and clean up, since their mothers had dressed them for Tom Kipper and they had forgotten and played ball. I let them bathe in my bathroom. They brushed their clothes and went home. Later they came back and presented me with a piece of home-made soap because they hadn't got a licking.—Minnie Braun, No. 2013 Bryant Avenue, Bronx.

TRAINED.

The 516 train from Grand Central arrives at Williamsbridge at 5:43. The 5:25 comes at 5:53. The first does not carry mail, but the second does. This evening I noticed the horse which is driven there every day to get the mail standing some distance away when the first train arrived. He did not move until he had pulled out, and then without a signal of any kind from his driver he marched over to the platform as he'd been there when needed.—Loretta Hadley, No. 2218 Cruger Avenue, Williamsbridge, Bronx.

"CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED."

"Drug stores sell many things besides drugs. Some of them sell everything but drugs, but to-day I saw a new item for sale in a drug store at Mape Avenue and 17th Street. In the window there I saw a sign reading: 'We take orders for a sign reading, \$11.80.'—Harry Mendelsohn, No. 754 East 18th Street.

COLOR GUARD.

Freshmen at C. C. N. Y. must wear, according to sophomore regulations, white socks and red ties. Every morning one can see sophs holding up freshmen at the gates to see if they are sticking by the "color."—Leonard Bennett, No. 566 Southern Boulevard.

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OUT OF TOWN

BARKING FOR BLOOMFIELD.

There was a little dog in the stands to-day during the football game between Bloomfield High and Brooklyn Manual Training High. He sat quietly watching the game until the Bloomfield cheer leader arose. Then the dog arose too, and as the Bloomfield rosters cheered the dog barked. After that he sat down until the cheer leader got up again.—Oran Farrand, No. 23 Hilda Park, Bloomfield, N. J.

THE JUMPING CLOSET.

The mother of our next door neighbor, who recently arrived here from Russia, was delighted to find in the house closets like the ones she had at home. On her first day she put the eggs and the butter and other provisions in one of them. The next morning she went to take them out and, to her surprise, found them all gone. She was so angry that she should have to go to the dumbwaiter.—Josephine Zenger, No. 182 Briggs Avenue, Yonkers, N. Y.

"SUCH IGNORANCE!"

At Ellis Island to-day I saw a pretty little Italian child come from a building I smiled at her and she began to tell me something in her own language. Of course, I couldn't understand a word she said, but she seemed to be smiling at her. Soon she realized I could not understand her and she became so angry that she stamped her little foot with rage. Some Italian laborers standing near understood my predicament and had a hearty laugh.—G. C. D. No. 2334 Myrtle Avenue, Ridgewood, L. I.

LISTENING IN.

This morning when I stepped into the back garden I saw two little girls there, hanging away on a shovel. On seeing me they invited me over. "Come and listen to the lovely music from WJZI," they urged. I went over and saw that they had driven a little sand shovel into a flower box. From the top of the shovel an old piece of wire led to the chair or bench they were sitting on. There was also a long piece of cord attached to the shovel and on one end of it four big coat buttons. These they were holding to their ears, and I doubt very much if any other fans in Yonkers ever found more enjoyment in a radio programme.—Mrs. Scott, No. 38 Gordon Street, Palmer Heights, Yonkers.

A LITTLE GIRL YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW.

I saw a little girl and her parents take a fight in one of the passenger planes at Curtis Field. As the airplane took off, the mother tried to kiss the daughter on the lips but the latter turned her head so she could not reach her at all. The mother went through the same looking fight. Not far away were another mother and daughter. They embraced and kissed each other affectionately on the lips and then on the cheek. They walked a few steps more and again they embraced and kissed. Tears were in the eyes of both mothers, but the tears of one were tears of sorrow. Edward Road, near No. 59 Church Street, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

THE BRASS BAND, THE PUP AND "SHORTY."

Five Corners at Lynbrook is considered the busiest traffic spot on Long Island. It is well known to motorists, who delight in waving a cheerful salute to the short, stout little traffic officer, familiarly known as "Shorty," who so ably directs the steady stream of vehicles that constantly pass this junction. * * * I was watching the approach of a small parade. At the head of the procession marched a brass band, playing one of the latest jazz tunes. As the band rounded the corner from Hempstead Avenue into Merrick Road a black dog of unknown antecedents ran to the center of the crossing and, squatting in the path of the musicians, raised his nose towards the sky and emitted the most unearthly howls. The parade came to a sudden stop. "Shorty" rushed across from the curb. The dog, sensing an enemy, beat a retreat among and between the legs of musicians. The parade again was on its way.—Mrs. Florence Giraud, No. 34 New Street, Lynbrook, L. I.

MERELY A SUGGESTION.

A twelve-year-old boy entered my store late last night, and after waiting until the other customers had left, ordered a quart of ice cream and inquired naively what I did with the cream left over at night. I told him it was thrown out and new cream replaced it the next day. "Well," he remarked, "I don't believe you're going to sell all you've got left at this late hour—could you please let me have an extra dash in mine, then you won't have to throw away so much to-night?"—John F. Mostler, No. 12 West Polk Avenue, Corona.

REILLY.

A large open truck, apparently returning from market, passed me on Saturday on the Merrick Road, near Bayport. At the wheel was a chauffeur, and stretched across the truck was a hammock that swung as the vehicle proceeded. In the hammock was a man fast asleep. His evening toilet was to his complete comfort.—Charlotte Bula, No. 316 Beach 98th Street, Edgemere.

WEEKLY PRIZES.

Regular CAPITAL PRIZES for the Best Stories of the Week to Be Distributed Among Daily Prize Winners Other Than Those to Whom the Ford Cars are Awarded: FIRST, \$100; SECOND, \$50; THIRD, \$25; FOURTH, \$10.

BROOKLYN

PLACING THE RESPONSIBILITY.

My four-year-old kindergarten children were working diligently with empty cracker boxes, some making clocks, others wagons or doll carriages and still others boats. Charles had decided to transform his Social Tea box into a boat, and with much effort had cut three round apertures in one of the broad sides—this was all he could complete in one period, but he came in to-day overjoyed at the thought of putting three smokestacks into the already prepared settings. I gave him small sheets of drawing paper and rolled one into a cylinder, expecting him to use it as a pattern. I busied myself with other children for ten or fifteen minutes and then began a tour of inspection, to see how all were progressing. When I came to Charles, he proudly held his boat up for my approval. * * * It was really a great success for a four-year-old, and after showing my pleasure in the result I remarked: "I think the smokestack in the center is not as carefully made as the two end ones." His reply left no need for further comment. "Well," he said, "you made the middle one yourself."—Elizabeth R. Buckman, No. 672 Putnam Avenue, Brooklyn.



HA-HA-DEE!

I saw two little fellows enjoying a "kitch" on one of the one-man cars on Bay Ridge Avenue. A policeman stopped them to get off. Off they jumped and started to turn into a side street when they ran into the arms of another policeman. The latter, seeing that the first cop wanted them, brought them to him and he led them off. No, he wasn't taking them to the station house for a "kitch," but they were to get something probably as bad—or as good—for I heard the cop who led them away say to the second cop that the boys were his sons.—D. R. Smith, No. 211 Fort Hamilton Parkway, Brooklyn.

THE LECTURER.

A mother accompanied by a lad of seven climbed aboard a car at Tompkins Avenue. The boy insisted upon occupying the end of the seat. She held the reluctant kind and all the way to Borough Hall she kept him and the passengers annoyed with her admonitions to be careful, to hold tight, not to get out of his seat, etc. The mother climbed out first, reached up, took the child in her arms, helped him off and—dropped him.—Edna Craig, No. 533 Throop Avenue, Brooklyn.

A GOOD CRY.

I stopped yesterday to visit a young married woman who lives in a six-family house only a few blocks from my home. I found her very much distressed. She had been weeping. I asked her to tell me her trouble; maybe I could make it a little lighter, I thought. She had seated her year-and-a-half old baby on the edge of the tub and was washing his face and hands. He was a bright little fellow, and we soon became friends. * * * She told me that about a week ago she lost or mislaid a beautiful ring. The hardest part was keeping the knowledge from her husband, who had been a bit upset over the loss of his fountain pen and other small articles. * * * While she was telling me this the boy was in my lap playing with my beads. Then he wanted my ring. Suddenly I asked him to go and get me his mamma's ring. He looked about, struggled from my lap and ran to the range, where he pointed to the alide of the ash door. There we found the ring, the fountain pen, a thimble, two spoons and other things. * * * Then we both cried.—Anna M. Abernethy, No. 61 Himrod Street, Brooklyn.

CHAIRS.

Looking from my back window at noon to-day I saw a hearse in Yonkers Place. I considered who had died and who was being carried to the grave. I noticed two men remove a number of chairs from the house and carry them to the hearse. A little while later, speaking about the occurrence to a neighbor who was as much surprised as myself, we were informed that there had been a house-warming in the building the night before and that the chairs had been hired from an undertaker.—Mrs. M. Leen, No. 675 Henry Street, Brooklyn.

QUEENS

THE BRASS BAND, THE PUP AND "SHORTY."

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FIND THE TICKET FOR THAT OVERCOAT.

Strutting along the East River at College Point yesterday, I saw a large dog bedecked with the gaudy gold and purple of autumn flowers. A large woodpecker was perched on the stump of a fallen tree. His wings were golden and he was preening his feathers in the rays of the morning sun. A flock of white seagulls occupied vantage points atop long rows of pipes jutting from the waters above. The birds and the flowers were harbingers of the Indian summer and heralds of the coming of Jack Frost.—Oscar Weiss, No. 153 11th Street, College Point.

THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE FALL.

Several blooms smiled good-morning to me this morning from a lilac bush which has lost most of its leaves and which had been transplanted since it bloomed last spring. This is an unusual occurrence for October.—Arthur Doty, No. 40 Hemlock Place, Maspeth, N. Y.

MOVABLE SCREENS.

I saw a woman come out of a house at Atlantic and Nostrand Avenues to-day with several screens tied together. She was moving and was, evidently, taking them to her new apartment. She seemed to have forgotten something, for she set her screens carefully against the stoop and hurried inside again. Just then a junk man came along. He thought the screens had been thrown away, so he piled them into his wagon and drove off. In a minute or so the woman came out and peered in mystification up and down the street.—Minnie Hutchison, No. 549 Nostrand Avenue, Brooklyn.

THE STILL, SMALL VOICE.

While I was waiting for a parcel in a drug store at Hudson Avenue near Eastern Parkway to-day I saw a small boy come in on roller skates and ask the clerk for a glass of water. As the clerk turned to favor him, the boy ably removed a bar of chocolate from the counter. He drank the water and started for the door when suddenly he turned back to the clerk. He had the chocolate, he returned, showed the clerk the chocolate, and handed him a nickel.—Mrs. L. Moskowitz, No. 820 Nostrand Avenue, Brooklyn.

THE RECEDING CRIME WAVE.

For the past few days I have noticed an armored bar of the Adams Express Company stop at the Peoples National Bank, Brooklyn, and as the car stops a guard steps down and places his hand on the door handle. He is followed by the chauffeur, who also puts his hand on his revolver. They stand on either side of the car's door. They are followed by another guard, who carries a shot gun. The bank also fingering a revolver. After him comes the messenger, holding a bag in one hand and a revolver in the other. As he gets out of the car still another guard appears with a shot gun. The messenger is escorted inside the bank by the first two guards, each alert with his hand on his pistol. Then they bring him back to the car, which I am told, carries, beside the pistol, a machine gun and two shotguns as protection against hold-ups.—Joseph Ober, No. 495 Park Avenue, Brooklyn.

A BOY IN HIS NIGHTGOWN.

On Court Street last night my husband and I saw a Syrian boy about fifteen years old walk from a doorway wearing a nightgown. He looked into a grocery store window and seemed to be trying to attract the attention of the man inside. The latter, evidently thinking, as we did, that the boy was having a nightmare, motioned to him to go upstairs. The boy turned and, suddenly fell on his back. The man spoke to him, got him on his feet, but all the boy could do was to motion toward the hall. The man went in and dragged out a boy or about fourteen, unconscious. Then we learned they had been overcome by gas fumes. Both revived before being taken to the emergency trucks.—Mrs. L. Haskett, No. 408 Court Street, Brooklyn.

SAFETY.

I saw a B. R. T. conductor come into a cigar store at No. 1 Alabama Avenue to-day and dig a large roll of bills from his pocket, remarking as he did so: "See how I keep from losing my money." The bills were folded once and secured to the pocket by a safety pin.—C. G. Reese, No. 210 Meade Street, Brooklyn.

HATES TO HAVE "KIDS" FOLLOW HIM.

In front of my door to-day I saw a boy of twelve try to induce his five-year-old brother not to follow him. He coaxed, argued, threatened and even struck him, but to no avail. Finally he handed him a new and shiny knife with blades about six inches long. This had the desired effect.—Mrs. J. Garinot Jr., No. 56 Pine Street, Brooklyn.

Yesterday's Special Prizes

Ford Car
ALLEN GILMOR, No. 5746 119th Street, Richmond Hill.
(Winners of Ford Prize please report immediately to City Editor, Evening World, for identification.)
First Cash Prize, \$25
GERTRUDE HARFEST, No. 14 West 15th Street.
Second Cash Prize, \$10
GEORGE N. DORNEY, No. 27 Broadway.
Third Cash Prize, \$5
M